Boult. To night, to night, but Miſtreſſe, doe you know the French Knight that cowtes i'th hams?

Baud. Who, *Mounſier Veroles*?

Boult. I, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a grone at it, and ſwore he would ſee her to morrow.

Baud. Well, well, as for him he brought his diſeaſe hither, here he doth but repaire it, I know he will come in our ſhadow, to ſcatter his crownes in the ſunne.

Boult. Well, if we had of euery Nation a traueller, we ſhould lodge them with this ſigne.

Baud. Pray you come hither a while, you haue Fortunes comming vpon you, marke me, you muſt ſeeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willinly, deſpiſe, profit where you haue moſt gaine, to weepe that you liue as you do, make pitty in your louers ſildome, but that pitty begets you a good opinion, and that opinon a meere profite.

Mar. I vnderſtand you not.

Boult. O take her home miſtreſſe, take her home, theſe bluſhes of hers muſt be quencht with ſome preſent practiſe.

Mari. Thou ſayeſt true yfaith, ſo they muſt, for your Bride goes to that with ſhame, which is her way to goe with warrant

Boult. Faith ſome do, and ſome do not, but Miſtreſſe, if I haue bargaind for the ioynt,

Baud. Thou maiſt cut a morſell off the ſpit.

Boult. I may ſo.

Baud. Who ſhould deny it?
Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they ſhall not be changed yet.

Baud. Boult ſpend thou that in the Towne, report what a ſojourner we haue, you'l loſe nothing by cuſtome. When Nature framed this peece, ſhe ment thee a good turne, therefore ſay what a parragon ſhe is, & thou haſt the harueſt out of thine owne report.

Boult. I warrant you Miſtreſſe, thunder ſhall not ſo awake the beds of Eeles, as my giuing out her beauty, ſtirs vp the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home ſome to night.

Baud

Baud. Come your waies, follow m

Mari. If fiers be hot, kniues ſharp
Vntide I ſtill my virgin knot will kee
Diana aide my purpoſe.

Baud. What haue we to do with
vs.

Enter Cleon and Dio

Dion. Why are you fooliſh, can i

Cleon. O *Dionizia*, ſuch a peece o
The sunne and Moone nere lookt vp

Dion. I thinke you'l turne a child

Cleon. Were I chiefe Lord of al
giue it to vndo the deed. O Lady,
tue, yet a Princeſſe to equall any ſi
the iuſtice of compare, O villaine, *L*
ſoned too, if thou hadſt drunke to
becomming well thy face, what c
Pericles ſhall demand his childe?

Dion. That ſhe is dead. Nurſes
nor euen to preſerue, ſhe dide at nig
it, vnleſſe you pray the Innocent, an
out ſhe dyde by foule play.

Cleon. O go too, well, well, of
uens, the Gods do like this worſt.

Dionzia. Be one of thoſe that
Tharſus will flie hence, and open th
thinke of what a Noble ſtraine yo
ſpirit.

Cleon. To ſuch proceeding, w
added, though not his whole conſ
nourable courſes.

Dionzia. Be it ſo then, yet no
ſhe came dead, nor none can know

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